

## ICE FROM NORWAY.

All Europe Is Supplied from the Scandinavian Peninsula.

We have all heard about Greenland's icy mountains, but Norway's are a trifle less familiar to us by name, despite the fact that they are of far more practical service to us, for in summer and winter we draw our ice supplies from the mountain lakes of that country. The lakes of crystal-clear water are high up in the mountains and are surrounded by countless pine trees that grow to a great height. Europe's ice supply from these sources is controlled by syndicates. The ice which is considered by experts to be the finest in the world, is cut up into huge, square-shaped blocks by means of plows constructed for the purpose. These blocks are sent down the mountain side on huge slides. Owing to their great length the ice often acquires an amazing velocity as it reaches the inclosed pool, outside which the bulky ice ships ride at anchor awaiting their cool cargoes. In spite of these arrangements it sometimes comes about that the ice supply does not continue altogether uninterrupted, for, apart from the occasional delay of ships, orders sometimes come which necessitate phenomenal quantities being cut from the lakes, and when this occurs after a drouth the demand quickly exceeds the supply and scarcity ensues. That is why we often have to pay dear for our ice even in winter time.

## No More Botany Bay.

As there is an inevitable propensity throughout the English-speaking world to associate the name Botany Bay with convictism, a movement has recently been started in Australia which has for its object the abolition of that name and the substitution of Banks' Bay. Instead, The Sydney Morning Herald suggests that the name be changed before the new commonwealth is founded, and that the best and brightest of our nation without the taint of its former name suggested by the name of Botany Banks.

## A VERSATILE RAILROAD MAN.

A versatile railroad man is Sir William G. Van Horne of the Canadian Pacific railway. Sir William's job as executive head of the Canadian Pacific has been a mineure; when he began service with the road his task was a great superhuman, inasmuch as he coordinated the financing of the company, and the overcoming of the physical obstacles incident to the operation of a line through a mountainous region. There snow and ice were common for much of the year. Sir William has carved out his own fortune. His father died when he was 13 and left him to support his mother. He secured a place in the railroad yards, and by steady application to his work and hard study gradually rose to his



SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE, present high position. He has great ability and can well be classed with the world's greatest railroad men.

## The Celebrated COEY RAILWAY BICYCLE ATTACHMENT



ENABLES you to travel the railroad rails the year round, getting the full use of your bicycle. Fifteen or twenty miles an hour can be made, thus saving time. Cycling was never made more easy or pleasant. No hills, no stones—always smooth roads. Thousands in daily use. Entire weight, 8 pounds. Ball bearing. Attached or detached in three minutes. Fits any bicycle made. Telescopes into a small package to be carried on bicycle in carrying case when not in use. Fully patented. Infringers will be prosecuted. Has been on the market for 6 years.

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We also build automobiles and gasoline engines for automobiles and stationary work for running all kinds of machinery. Cost of running less than one cent per hour per horse power.

## ANOTHER SMART WOMAN.

Found a Way to Add to Her Moderate Income.

"Yes," said the dreamy-eyed real estate man, "it was a handsome gown made the dress of the older woman look cheap, didn't it? Well, it ought to. It cost \$500."

The intimate friend expressed some astonishment, says the New York World, that the real estate man should be conversant with the buying price of his customers' clothes. The dealer in dirt looked at the clock. After three," he said. "No more business around this part of town to-day. Come along over to the refectory opposite." The journey being accomplished, the dreamy-eyed real estate man began:

"I don't know that I ought to tell you about this," he said, doubtfully. "In fact, I'm sure I shouldn't, but I'll tell you anyway, for I know it won't go any further. That woman who wore the \$500 gown is one of my employees."

"What!" said the intimate friend. "Why, I thought I recognized her as a woman who moves in very good society."

"Now, see here," said the dreamy-eyed real estate man, "is there anything in me that would give you the right to suppose that any of my employees were debarred from good society?"

"Why, no," said the friend; "of course not. I didn't mean it that way, but the idea of a woman of position working is rather odd."

"All right," said the dealer, amiably. "think that way if you wish. But let me tell you, you're wrong. I met that woman some months ago at a reception. I was impressed with her culture and her brain. I made some inquiries and learned that she was of good family, but not very well supplied with money. Her relatives, on the other hand, had plenty of wealth. She enjoyed a little income, but not much. I saw her again, and was more impressed with the fact that she could be of use to me. Finally, I wrote her a note, asking if she would drop in at the office on a matter of business."

"Well, she came. I asked her, point blank, if she didn't want to make some money. She colored, and said she did if it could be made in a manner appropriate to her gentility. I assured her that it could, and we began to talk terms at once. I told her she was to bring her friends to me to buy lots. She was to explain to them the advantages of the land and give them a general real estate talk from a society standpoint. She was, of course, to figure as having bought some lots herself and having made a profit on the investment. She demurred to this part, at first, but I finally won her over."

"She is the best salesman, or saleswoman, I have—and I have three other women doing the same thing. She is a brilliant and convincing talker, and she brings good money into the office every week. Her first commission was \$500, and she put that into the hands of her dressmaker. That's how I know the price of her gown. The woman she brought in to-day bought three lots at \$750 a lot, which gave my clerk a commission of \$22.50, one per cent. Not so bad for half an hour's work, is it?"

## WONDERFUL STRIKE OF GOLD.

Two Men Wash Out \$5,000 a Day in the Eldorado Creek District.

Men who have just arrived from Dawson say a second strike has been made in the marvelous Eldorado creek district in Alaska.

Two men who discovered the spot washed out \$5,000 the first day. Pans of dirt taken from the streak yield as high as \$50 each, and not a bucket of the gravel comes to the surface that does not contain nuggets running all the way from a quarter of an ounce to an ounce in weight, pure gold.

The messengers say that the strike has created the wildest excitement all along Eldorado, and that miners are flocking to the neighborhood by the thousands.

## SUES FOR SKELETON.

Chicago Woman Wants Back the Bones Her Hubby Sold.

Traded It for a Ton of Coal—Purchaser Declines to Restore It and Family Peace Without Stiff Compensation.

The Chicago Daily News says that while his wife was away one day he traded a skeleton, which she had had since her college days at a West side medical school, for a ton of coal. Now she is going to sue the coal dealer because he will not return the memento of her former days. The coal man, turning a deaf ear to the pleadings of the husband that family peace be restored, puts a good price on the skeleton. And the neighbors about the Bowden home in Rhodes avenue, near Thirty-seventh street, have an interesting topic of gossip.

During the honeymoon several years ago, they relate, Mr. Bowden came home early one afternoon, and the scene that greeted his vision has never left his memory. The parlor was covered with bones from two incomplete skeletons, and down on her knees, engrossed in completing one, was his bride of two months. He quietly left the house and went to the nearest restaurant.

It was a bit dark when, returning, he stood at the front door flitting with the keyhole. Once inside the house he glanced furtively around from room to room in search of the hideous combination of bones. Mrs. Bowden had retired. With halting steps he descended to the basement, where he was to fix the furnace before retiring.

In a corner of the stone foundation a gas jet burned dimly. Tremblingly he hastened to turn it up, and just as he passed the furnace he bumped into the skeleton suspended from the timbers above. With a shudder and a groan his arms involuntarily tightened about it, the fastening gave way, and



BUMPED INTO THE SKELETON.

with a crash the two fell to the cement floor.

Desperately he clung tighter and tighter until above his groans and the cracking of bones he heard his wife at the head of the stairs. Meekly he begged of her to come to his assistance. He remained at home just one week to "square" himself and to repair the skeleton.

Since that time it is said he had bravely tolerated its presence in the house, although with every spell of indigestion he had sworn to get rid of it. At times his wife would painfully amuse him with discourses on the human frame, which he endured as well as he could. When she began to drag the bony frame out before his company the pressure became too great, but remonstrances with her were of no avail.

Whether in a fit of anger, or because the temptation was too great, he made the proposition to the coal man and the deal was made. The ton of black diamonds was delivered, duly installed in the bin and the wise merchant carried away the skeleton hidden in a horse blanket.

The following day his wife was frantic when she missed it. He braced up his courage and told her the circumstances. She decided that so long as it remained away from the house he was to be served with cold breakfasts. He is willing to undergo that to keep it away.

Mrs. Bowden is determined to have it again and has given the coal dealer a few days to return it in as good shape as he got it. She has consulted a lawyer and says she means business.

## MEN WHO WORK AT NIGHT.

Forty Thousand of Them Employed in New York City.

There are 800,000 persons, men and women, employed in what the law describes as gainful occupation—working for others for compensation—in New York city. It has heretofore been supposed that about five per cent. of these were employed at night, which would give a total of 40,000 night workers in this city.

Recently a table has appeared intended to show how many night workers there actually are in the four boroughs, and this estimate gives 3,200 policemen, 3,000 railroad employees, 3,000 bakers, 3,000 newspaper employees, 2,500 engineers and firemen, 2,500 actors and musicians and 1,000 restaurant employees. The total is 20,000, the balance being made up of butchers, peddlers, steam railroad employees, telegraphers, watchmen, electricians and miscellaneous workers.

The table, accurate in many respects, falls short of completeness, says the New York Sun, as to the total number of persons employed at night in New York. There are in New York and Brooklyn 2,167 Rains law hotels which are open all night, in each of which there is at least one man employed and usually two. This figures up 3,500.

The table does not include the market men, a considerable group of night workers, who number at least 1,000, the men who work along shore loading or unloading boats to the number of 1,000 additional, and it does not take into account either those employed on or connected with the ferry business of the city, which is carried on all night, in which there are at least 500, a total of 6,000 additional.

The number of watchmen is estimated at 400, actually it is nearer 2,000, for there are watchmen of buildings under construction, watchmen of office buildings, watchmen in care of material, factory watchmen, private watchmen and ordinary night watchmen.

There are 250 hotels in New York city, and the number of night employees of these—clerks, porters, elevator men, watchmen, bell boys, gas men and cleaners is 2,500, or an average of about ten for each hotel.

Another considerable item of night workers is made up of the employees of apartment houses, elevator men and janitors, and still another of city employees connected with the water supply department, which is going on all night, and in charge of public buildings.

Gashouses in New York do not shut down at night time, but employ night shifts of men, and the same is true of the foundry business, and there are the all-night drug stores as well as the all-night saloons, and the night hawk cabmen, whose chief time of profit is between midnight and day-break.

Taking all these classes together, it is probably no exaggeration to say that there are 40,000 night workers in New York, exclusive of physicians and clergymen.

## Warlike English Surnames

The registers that have been preserved at Somerset house since 1837 furnish what seems at first sight to be a complete series of surnames connected with war. Supplying in the first place that invariable cause of hostilities, Quarrell, they lead on to Allies, Challenge, Charge, Battle, Greatbattle, Rout, Victory and Conquest. They proceed, as it would appear, to enumerate in detail the ghastly results of conflict in the names Gash, Gore, Slaughter, Carnage and Corpse; and seem to furnish particulars of war material in Powder, Bullett, Shott, Shell, Cannon, Sword and Lance. They mention, too, the Gunner, and further specify his deadly charges in Canister and Grape.

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## TO SAVE TIME.

A Reform That's Suggested for Commercial Correspondence.

Not content with the destruction of the art of letter-writing through the invention of the telegraph, the typewriter and other time-saving devices, an iconoclastic Camden genius makes what he calls a plea for reform in commercial correspondence by eliminating the few courteous words, such as "Dear Sir" and "Yours very truly," which still survive in the arid waste of business letters. "By actual experiment," he says in the Philadelphia Record, "it will be found that it takes a typewriter one hour to write these formal introductions and conclusions to 500 letters. Now, the estimated total annual letter mail of the world is 8,000,000,000 pieces. Of course, this is not all commercial correspondence, nor is it all typewritten, but for the purpose of having some statistical starting point it will be assumed that it is. To write the 'Dear sirs' and 'Yours very truly' for this number of pieces would take one typewriter 16,000,000 days, or allowing 300 working days to the year, about 6,700 years. To translate this into an approximation of its money value, allowing \$10 as the wage of the typewriter and eight hours as the average day's work, the cost would be \$3,350,000. Is it worth it? Or, to go a step further, is it worth anything? Little by little the forms of address have been condensed until such old-school phrases as 'My Dear and Respected Sir' and 'Your humble and obedient servant' are obsolete. Why not continue the good work and 'reform it altogether?' Why not adopt the following sensible, straightforward, businesslike form: "John Smith & Co.: 'We wish to order, etc.' "T. Brown & Co."

That is what you mean. Why not say it and stop?"

## FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

Gun That Scares Wolves by Shooting Every Hour.

The wolf gun was considered such a foolish device that the United States government for a long time refused to issue a patent for it. Now it is in operation, and is saving thousands of head of cattle, sheep, and swine. Dozens of ranchmen in Colorado and Wyoming are providing themselves with the weapons, and it is said that they are "worth their weight in gold." The wolf gun is an ordinary gun arranged to explode a blank cartridge every hour during the night by a clever little device invented by a Kansas man. The ranchman places it near his herd and goes to sleep, knowing that they will be safe from the attack of predatory animals, because these animals fear the report of a gun. It is a faithful watch. Every hour its report can be heard, and if there are coyotes within half a mile of the machine they will endeavor to get more distance between them and the noise.—Denver Times.

## YELLOW FEVER.

Worst Place for the Disease Is Senegal Africa.

From the reports there can be little doubt that just now the worst yellow fever spot on earth is Senegal, the French colony in East Africa. "Fifteen per cent of the population of this colony is already destroyed by the fearful disease. One per cent die every day with hopeless regularity during the incessant winter rain. There is still nearly 100 days of this in prospect. Imagine an epidemic in any city that should carry 75,000 inhabitants in three months, or 800 persons daily. Suppose that during the last five days some 25,000 individuals, or 5,000 persons daily, had been carried off, and that the probabilities were in favor of an increase of the epidemic, and one can get an idea of the situation in Senegal. "We are guarded," says the report, "by a military cordon, which fires on those unfortunates who attempt to escape. It does not take long. On a Saturday Colonel de Cocur was in full health. On Sunday morning he entered the hospital. On Monday evening at 3 o'clock he was buried." Usually, however, a case lasts three or four days. The mortality is always about 86 per cent in proportion to the number of those attacked. The epidemic started from the extreme western section of the town, and after following a regular line of march, is on board the warship Heroine, moored at the extreme eastern end of the town. For fifteen days the officers and men have been consigned on board this old vessel and have not appeared on shore. Nevertheless, the disease has found means to reach them. "Physicians die like flies," continues the report. "Sisters and infirmas follow the same road. Mass is no longer said in public on account of contagion. Fortunately there will always remain a negro priest to absolve the last who die, for it is a curious fact that the negroes are completely immune."

## Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Write JOHN WELSH & CO. Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. for their 200-page catalog and list of two hundred ideas.